AIRS, DUETS, &c.

IN THE

COMIC OPERA

OF

TOM THUMB,

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMING AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1781.

THE DRAMA.

King Arthur — —	Mr. Quick.
Tom Thumb — —	Maſter Edwin.
Merlin — — —	Mr. Reinhold.
Lord Grizzle — —	Mr. Edwin.
Doodle — — —	Mr. Davies.
Noodle — — —	Mr. Robſon.
Ghoſt of Gaffer Thumb —	Mr. Reinhold.

Queen Dollalolla — —	Miſs Cately.
Princeſs Huncamunca —	Mrs. Kennedy.
Glamdalca — —	Mrs. Webb.
Frizalta — —	Miſs Platt.
Plumante — —	Miſs Stewart.

Courtiers, Guards, Rebels, Giants.

TOM THUMB.

ACT I.

DUETTO.

DOODLE. NOODLE.

Doo. SURE, ſuch a day,
So renown'd, ſo victorious,
Such a day as this was never ſeen,
Courtiers ſo gay,
And the mob ſo uproarious,
Nature ſeems to wear an univerſal grin.

Noo. Arthur to Doll
Is grown bobbiſh and uxorious,
While both ſhe and Huncamunca tipple, talking tawdry:
Ev'n Mr. Sol,
So tifted, ſo glorious,
Glitters like a beau in new birth-day embroidery.

Doo.

Doo. O! 'tis a day
Of jubilee, cajollery,
A day we never ſaw before,
A day of ſun and drollery.
Noo. That you may ſay:
Their Majeſties may boaſt of it,
And ſince it never can come more,
'Tis fit they make the moſt of it.

Doo. O! 'tis a day, &c.
Noo. That you may ſay, &c.
Doo. Sure, ſuch a day, &c.
Noo. Courtiers ſo gay, &c.

AIR.

QUEEN.

What tho' I now am half ſeas o'er,
I ſcorn to baulk this bout;
Of ſtiff rack-punch, fetch bowls a ſcore,
'Fore George, I'll ſee them out.

But, Sir, your Queen 'twould ill become
T'indulge in vulgar ſips,
No drop of brandy, gin, or rum,
Shall paſs theſe royal lips.

AIR.

AIR.

TOM THUMB.

As when the chimney-ſweeper
Has, all the live-long day,
Thro' darkſome paths a creeper,
Purſu'd his ſooty way,
At night, to waſh with water
His hands and face, he flies,
And in his t'other tatter
With his Brickduſta lies.

AIR.

QUEEN.

Then tremble all who weddings ever made,
And tremble more who did this match perſuade!
For like a worried cat, I'll ſpit, I'll ſquall,
I'll ſcratch, I'll tear the eyes out of ye all.

AIR.

KING.

We Kings, who are in our ſenſes,
Mock our conſorts violences,
Piſhing at their moods and tenſes;
Our own will we follow.
When the huſband once gives way
To the wife's capricious ſway,
For his breeches, he, next day,
May go whoop, and hollo.

DUETTO.

QUEEN. GRIZZLE.

Queen. Liar, avaunt!
Thy ſaucy taunt
Is proof of Tom's deſert;
He will break
That ſcurvy neck
If on him thou dar'ſt fling dirt.

Griz. Yes, yes, I go,
But, madam, know,
(Since your Majeſty's ſo pert).
That a flood,
Of your pet's blood,
To allay this ſtorm ſhall ſpirt.

Queen. Go to Hell!

Griz. Oh! mighty well.

Queen. Thither hie to feed the blaze.

Griz. I am glad I know your ways.

Queen. My ſweet creature,
To beſpatter,
Quick or dead, I'll ne'er forgive.

Griz. 'Tis my nature,
Not to flatter,
Take my word, he ſhall not live.

Queen. I'll ne'er forgive,

Griz. He ſhall not live.

AIR.

AIR.

GHOST.

Pale death is prowling,
Dire omens ſcowling,
Doom thee to ſlaughter,
Thee, thy wife and daughter.
Furies are growling,
With horrid uproar.
Grizzle's rebellion
What need I tell y'on!
Or by a cow red
Tom Thumb devoured. [*Cock crows.*
Hark the cock crowing!
I muſt be going,
I can no more. [*Vaniſhes in a flaſh.*

AIR.

GRIZZLE.

In hurry I poſt for a licence,
In hurry, ding, dong, I come back,
For that, you ſhan't need bid me twice hence,
I'll there be, and here in a crack;
Hey jing,
My heart's on the wing,
I now cou'd leap over the moon.
Let the Chaplain,
Set us a grapp'ling,
And we'll ſtock a baby-houſe ſoon.

A I R.

HUNCAMUNCA.

'Tis not in ſinew, nor in bone,
That conquering power reſides alone;
A fig for ſize!—we often find
In ſmalleſt forms the largeſt mind.
So lovely Tommy, mighty man,
Altho' his frame is ſmall,
Can fight as well as giants can,
The ſpirit ſerves for all:
His manly heart, and nimble arm,
Subdue both ſtout and tall;
His love and war alternate charm,
The heart is all in all.

A I R.

TOM THUMB.

That petty-fogging Grizzle, I find, is your gallant,
Who, like a hedge Attorney, cogs my title to ſupplant,
Shall he with you join iſſue? No, by my ſoul he ſhan't
For Tommy is the lad, the lad for thee, &c.

TRIO.

TRIO.

GLUMDALCA. HUNCAMUNCA. TOM THUMB.

Glum. O the vixen, pigmy brat,
Of inches ſcarce half ſix,
To ſlight me, for a chit like that,
Ah, Mr. Tom, are theſe your tricks?
Hun. O the coarſe ſalacious trull!
Who giant paramours, twice ten,
To bed can pull,
With hugs can lull,
Yet ſtill wou'd gull
Young gentlemen.
Tom. Little tho' I be,
I ſcorn the ſturdy ſtrum,
Nor ever ſhe,
My dear, from thee
Shall debauch thy own Tom Thumb.
Glum. O, the vixen, &c.
Hun. O, the coarſe, &c.
Tom. Little tho' I be, &c.

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

AIR.

NOODLE.

KING Arthur in love, ankle deep—ſpeed the plough!
Glumdalca will ſoon be his punk ha!
Good Queen Dollalolla's as drunk as a ſow,
And a bed with Tom Thumb, Huncamunca.

AIR.

GRIZZLE.

Long I will not wear the willow,
Long I will not hug my pillow;
In my breaſt a ſtorm is brewing,
Which ſhall ſpread fire, ſword, and ruin,
O'er theſe deſolated coaſts.
This proud Arthur, down ſhall knuckle,
Dollalolla too, ſhall truckle;
Huncamunca ſhall knock under,
Her I'll raviſh, them I'll plunder.
In fierce battle,
I will rattle,
Sinking, damning,
Slaſhing—cramming
Ev'ry chink of hell with ghoſts.

AIR.

A I R.

QUEEN.

In bed, when women lie awake,
(We wives can't always ſleep)
At every litle noiſe we quake,
And cloſe, and cloſer creep.
But cuddled warm,
In nown dear's arm,
Let thunder rock the houſe,
We feel no frights,
We matter ſprights
Not three ſkips of a louſe.

A I R.

HUNCAMUNCA.

Crown'd with laurels,
Safe from quarrels,
Full of love, and full of play,
(Too long from me)
Comes my Tommy,
Welcome as the flowers in May.

A I R.

A I R.

GRIZZLE.

My body is a bankrupt's ſhop,
My cruel creditor, grim Death;
Who puts to life's briſk trade a ſtop,
And will be paid, with this laſt breath!

A I R.

INCANTATION.

MERLIN.

Ariſe, you groupe of drunken ſots!
Who dealt out death's, ye knew not why,
No more of porter-pots, or plots,
Your ſenſeleſs jealouſies lay by!
—Your ſouls can not as yet be far
Upon their way to dreary night;
Enter Glumdalca and Gizzle.
My power remands them—Here end jar!
[*The dead all ſtart up, with a loud huzza.*

VAUDE-

VAUDEVILLE.

King (to Q.) One kind buſs, my Doll, my Queen,
When we two laſt parted,
We ſcarce hoped to buſs again,
My heart, Lord, how it ſmarted!
Queen (to K.) Pitty patty!
Dear King Atty!
Mine too went a fleeting;
Now we in
A nipperkin,
May toaſt this merry meeting.
Tom (to H.) Come, my Hunkey,—come, my Pet,
Love's in haſte; don't ſtay him!
Deep we've run in Hymen's debt,
And 'tis high time we pay him.
Hun (to T.) Have, dear Tommy!
Pity o'me,
I'm by ſhame reſtricted;
Yet I obey,
So take your way,
I muſt not contradict it
Griz. (to G.) Grandeſt Glum, in my behoof,
To love's law be pliant!
Me you'll find a man o'proof,
Although not quite a giant.
Glum. (to G.) Troth Lord Griz.
(Tho' for that phiz,

Few

Few am'rous Queens wou'd chuſe you)
Yet, thus bereft,
Not one chum left,
I think—I can't refuſe you.

Mer. Now love and live, and live and love,
All. Sage Merlin's in the right on't.
Mer. Each couple prove--like hand and glove.
All. ——— Agreed.
Queen. 'Fore George, we'll make a night on't.
All. Let diſcord ceaſe,
Let all in peace
Go home and kiſs their ſpouſes!
Join hat and cap,
In one loud clap,
And wiſh us crouded houſes.

FINIS.